

Paul Leibel

Ladies' Tailor, Formerly at 1013 14th St.
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Phone Main 4842.

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YOUR SUITS will be made by a tailor of established reputation when you patronize this establishment. For eleven years our tailoring has proved highly satisfactory to Washington's most exacting women.

Ladies' \$50 Suits, \$35.

You'll find in our \$35 Suits all the quality, style, and finish of any \$50 suit produced elsewhere.

Woolens, linings, fit, and all other details FULLY GUARANTEED.

Wide variety of handsomest fabrics.
Your inspection invited.

The House of H-Luck

By BLANCHE EARDLEY.

CHAPTER VI.

The Conspirators.

The Red Hsien Hotel at Wilmington has the self-satisfied, comfortable appearance of a prosperous country inn. The narrow stone High street was quiet, and the houses all leaned toward each other, lending an old-world look to the street. Wilmington was a resort of great interest to motorists, who made Sunday pilgrimages to it, and the quiet of the little Surrey place became hideous with the noise of hooters and the starting and stopping of different cars. In the window of a private sitting room in the front of the hotel a woman sat looking down upon the crowds that drifted up and down the narrow streets. The noise and bustle amused her, and made her think of that greater noise and bustle of which this was but the faintest echo. The other days she had yawned and read novels, but this Sunday crowd of motorists was interesting to watch.

A man entered the room and disturbed the thoughts that the crowds had given birth to. As she turned to him he was easy to see that they were relations. Both had the same dark impetuous faces, the woman's being a shade less determined than the man's, though the curves of her mouth were cut in a more lines than his. They both had brown eyes, set a trifle too close into the aquiline nose, and then the tan of the man's complexion was in the woman's substituted by a deep, olive complexion.

"Well, what's new?" she said in a sharp, petulant voice. "I do hope you are leaving this dull little village soon; the sight of these motors starting and making me feel inclined to start with envy."

"My dear sister," the man answered gayly, "I have come to tell you that we shall leave this picturesque little Surrey village early on a motor trip of our own that will make up for your ennui of the last few days."

"A motor trip?" the woman's eyes sparkled with animation. "How lovely! But you'd better persuade Jasper."

"Stephen," corrected her brother quickly, a shade of annoyance in his voice. "My dear Laura, do you remember that the Jasper Knight we both knew is dead?"

"Dead?" she asked, looking at him with a glance down the passage, and then shut it with a bang.

"Suppose I let you into a secret," he said slowly. "Can I trust you not to betray to our friend, Stephen Usher the second?"

His sister's dark eyes glowed like live coals. "Of course you can," she answered. "You know that I shall stand by you in everything, though I did think it best that you should not have suggested it."

My dear sister, the man said, "I should like to have done this long ago, but it was impossible to do that. Her brother replied, quietly. 'The girl Stephen Usher married had to be very young, very poor and very deserving, and that is why I was obliged to bring in that girl. The agent—she suited the case admirably, while you would not have done so, because, though you are a handsome woman, my dear Laura, you are neither penniless nor very young, and in your late profession as a nurse might have been found out by many people.'

"At any rate," Laura retorted, "now that that girl is dead, I suppose Stephen Usher can marry me, and I shall be free to why should I not have a look in? He is attracted by me, and I share his secret; besides, it would be a very decent recompense for the trouble I have taken. You might play the part of a nursemaid, and I would go on coaching, and always let him hear of me at his best."

She looked very handsome as she spoke, and there was a tone of genuine regret in her brother's voice as he said slowly: "Your request takes me back to the secret I proposed to let you into. Well, I think I had better let you into it now, and you will see that we are not only not out of the woods yet, but that Stephen Usher is not free to contract a second marriage."

Laura Craven's face paled a little. "That on earth do you mean?" she said sharply. "You have been keeping something from me. What is it?"

"This," her brother said in a cautious tone. "Though you and Usher think that the girl he married that foggy afternoon last month was killed the same night—she was not!"

His sister gazed at him with amazement. "But you identified her. The name in the papers told us she was the same girl he married," he said.

"I remember; there cannot have been two girls called by it; besides, you said she was dressed the same."

"Precisely, and when you have heard me out you will see that it was all to our interests to have the girl quickly identified and forgotten before a mystery could be made of it by the papers," Philip Craven said patiently. "When that little fellow, Rosemary Fenchester, ran away like that she did the most dangerous thing in the world so far as we were concerned. We did not know how much she had heard, nor what she might do, even to the length of a gasp before going to see the body, and when I saw the bag produced, I recognized it at once, but saw immediately that, though the body belonged to a young girl, it was not that of Rosemary Fenchester."

Laura knitted her level brows in a perplexed way. "Does Stephen know this?" she said at length.

"No; why worry him with the idea that his bride of convenience may betray him at any moment?" he said easily. "He has a big deal to pull off, and such a thing would probably unnerve him at the beginning. How this dead girl came to be possessed of Rosemary Fenchester's bag, he went on, 'is a mystery that is beyond me; but I took the only steps possible, and played the part of a sorrowing brother to perfection.'

Laura Craven leaned her chin in the hollow of her hand, and for a few moments was deep in thought. She was disappointed to find that the man she "fancied" was still tied up to that mythical wife who had flown from the house like a startled fawn, and whose face she had dimly seen from the landing a moment before the door had closed upon her. She did not love the impersonation of "Stephen Usher," but she was attracted by her. Besides, she was beginning to tire of nursing, and as she was nearly thirty-four, she had begun to think that life could be very decent upon the income that belonged to Stephen Usher.

"It will be awkward if he wants to marry again," she said suddenly.

"I don't think he is the sort to hamper himself with a wife," was her brother's answer. "He is an ambitious chap, and means to try for big things."

Laura smiled contentedly. "In which a wife would be an incubation." Then she added in a different voice, "I suppose the fortune he has is a good haul, but is it not a little small?"

"My dear girl, with all his faults, our friend Stephen is not mean," her brother answered. "He might have been a good deal more quarrel with us; we are in the same boat, and sink or swim together."

"Has it occurred to you," Laura went on, "that that girl he went through the form of marriage with may not have been the same as the one who was in the boat with us?"

"I don't think so," her brother replied. "You have said the words of a husband, and I am sure that that girl he went through the form of marriage with was the same as the one who was in the boat with us."

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refused to sell Luck House, or even accept any compensation in the way of money. It appeared that they were poor but proud," he laughed, smugly.

"Why do you want to bother about them?" Laura said, curiously. "Surely, it is dangerous to court a friendship with the Mallabys."

He bowed mockingly, and, taking out his cigarette case, he handed it to Craven.

"Precisely, my dear Laura; but you know that I love danger—as the sailor loves the sight of land—and for that reason, and one other, I am desirous of meeting the Mallabys."

"Surely, you are inconsistent, old chap," Craven broke in. "You had an opportunity of meeting Mallaby in town, and you faked it."

"The other faked," "Only because it was dangerous to meet an unsuccessful rival before he had had time to simmer down. Besides, it was policy to be away on my own business for a few weeks," he laughed. "You see, there was method in my madness."

"And where are you going to take us for this motor trip?" Laura asked. She was tired of the Mallaby place in the Mallabys, and was really anxious to escape from the boredom that had been gripping her for some time.

"I am taking you," the "second" Stephen Usher said, gayly, "for a motor trip to Cornwall."

"Cornwall!" Laura and her brother echoed, in amazement. "Why, that's where the Mallabys place is!"

"Exactly, my dear friends," he answered, laughing. "And I propose to show you over the many attractions of Luck House before we have been many days in its vicinity."

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

PROF. BREWER DEAD.

Yale Educator Predicted the Two-minute Trotter.

New Haven, Nov. 2.—Prof. William Henry Brewer, professor emeritus of the Sheffield Scientific School, died to-day at his home. His funeral will be held at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Under the name of "Pop" Brewer he was known and beloved of Yale students for generations. He was graduated from Sheffield in 1853 and spent his whole life was spent at Yale. Of late years he had not done much classroom work at Yale, but Yale men who attended his lectures at the university never forgot them. Very often the subject of the lecture was the assertion of the mile trotter which brought Prof. Brewer into the public eye some years ago. Before any horse had trotted two-minute mile, or, in fact, within five seconds of it, he announced that the performance would be made. He was ridiculed and laughed at by horsemen and breeders, but, in reply, showed them charts of the gradual increase in speed. Less than a year after he made the assertion the mile was trotted in two minutes flat. That made the professor good with the horsemen.

Prof. Brewer was born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He married on August 15, 1859, Angeline Jackson, who died June 5, 1890. His second marriage, to Miss Georgian Robinson, occurred September 1, 1893. His second wife died January 3, 1899.

A. C. Aylesworth.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 2.—A. C. Aylesworth, correspondent of the Commercial Appeal, Memphis, who was taken suddenly ill while with Senator Taylor on his special train during his campaign through Tennessee, died at Jackson, Tenn., yesterday. Mr. Aylesworth was at one time managing editor of the old Memphis Scimitar.

M. Rachoksky.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.—M. Rachoksky, former head of the Russian secret police, died suddenly to-day at Vitebsk. He was prominently identified with the investigation of the head of the fighting Russian socialists, who was declared to be a government spy, and M. Lopukine, a former director of police in the department of the interior, and with the Father Dapion affair.

Melton Prior.

London, Nov. 2.—Melton Prior, the war correspondent, who saw some of the twenty-four campaigns and revolutions, died to-day.

Charles E. Frazier.

Harrisburg, Pa., Nov. 2.—Charles E. Frazier, aged thirty-seven, died here to-day. He was a member of the firm of Frazier & Slater.

Robert Walker MacBeth.

London, Nov. 2.—Robert Walker MacBeth, R. A., R. W. S., the painter, is dead. He was born at Glasgow in 1848.

Plans have been completed for the establishment of great preserves in Africa where the elephant may be free from the attacks of hunters. In some parts of the Dark Continent the elephant has been exterminated.

assortment of pocket timepieces as a jewelry and silverware establishment in F street, near Elway, which is now exhibiting an entire window of these necessary articles. Every kind and description of watch is there, from the tiny enamel one, which the modish woman wears on a chain around her neck like a locket, to the big repeater, which strikes the hours like a clock. This concern makes a specialty of reliable timepieces, standing back of every one sold with a guarantee. As one of the members of the firm has been a watchmaker formerly, it stands to reason that he knows a real watch when he sees it. When the Chinese prince was a recent visitor in Washington with his suite, his secretary, Capt. Chu, he called him, and a brilliantly well-educated personage he was, with fluent command of English. He bought fifteen watches from the F street jeweler, which were inscribed with Chinese characters and were intended as gifts—souvenirs of his royal master's visit to Washington. So well pleased was the prince with the selection that before his departure from the city he ordered a number of gold cigarette cases from the same establishment, which were also presented to his friends.

In a department store in Seventh street, near the corner of H, there are shown some advance models in women's dresses for the autumn. There are of messalines in white and all the leading colors of the season, with overdrapes of black chiffon cut in tunic fashion. Chemises of chantly lace, with beaded or embroidered trimmings, satin girdled kimono sleeves are some of the effective touches noticed about the new gowns. An all-white dress in this style makes a very handsome evening toilette, while the new blue, gold, gold, and other popular shades are shown. Any one of these at the price at which they are sold, \$24.98, is a bargain.

S. KANN-SONS' CO.

8th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY CORNER"

98c fur-trimmed Juliets

79c

Splendid bedroom or house shoes for cold weather wear. Just as warm as toast, and very comfortable. These Juliets are made of good quality felt, in colors of red, black, gray, and blue, with trimmings of black fur, finished in front with buckle.

Such Juliets you always pay 98c a pair for—while 1,000 pairs last, 79c—and bear in mind they will make splendid Christmas gifts.—First floor.

HEART and HOME TALKS

by Barbara Boyd

"Choose a book for children," says Ruskin, "for what is in it, not for what is out of it; for some good, or worth, or dignity, not because it is harmless."

It's rather a good point to make, isn't it? Many of us are apt to take the negative view when choosing children's literature. We do not want this or that. A book must not have such and such a quality. We are not apt to throw our "don'ts" to the wind and come out positively for what we do want. We are timid. We go negatively.

Yet it isn't what a book lacks, but what it possesses, that makes its appeal to a child, and has the power of influencing him. How much wiser, therefore, to choose a book, as Ruskin says, for some ideal for good, or worth, or dignity, that will have effect in molding the child's character.

If the child lacks courage, give him books with noble heroes, clean men, of course, man to idealize, but, nevertheless, men whose courage is not questioned. Unconsciously the little reader will pluck up heart and grow valiant.

If a child is cruel, let his or her books tell of gentle men and women, who yet are fine and worthy of hero worship. If the youngster is too quiet, too inclined to stay indoors, let his reading be of the fascinations of nature, and the joys of the outdoors.

But in each case give him something in his reading; a positive good, not a mere lack of evil.

What a child shall read is often a puzzling problem to conscientious parents. A little dip once a week, possibly with the mother as guide, into Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses," will prove enjoyable to many a child. Two small boys of a certain family eagerly await Sunday afternoon when the mother reads to them one or more of these poems, after which they all fall to talking about what has been read.

A list of books for boys published recently included, of course, Andersen's and Grimm's Fairy Tales, also "Plutarch Lives," "Twain's 'Tom Sawyer,' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'Caddis Days,' by King; 'The Adventures of Buffalo Bill,' by Cody; Robinson Crusoe; 'Sherlock Holmes,' 'Treasure Island,' and 'Kidnapped,' by Stevenson; 'Crimson Sweater,' 'Behind the Lines,' and 'Half-back,' by Barbour; 'Jack among the Indians,' by Grinnell; Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' 'Captains Courageous,' by Kipling; 'The Leatherstocking Tales,' by Cooper.

Any librarian, too, will help parents out in choosing books for children.

Right food for the mind is as important as right food for the body, and parents who maintain no oversight over the children's reading are doing these children a great wrong. The bias of life may be given by the books a child reads. Even if the effect is not quite so serious as this, harm may be done that will take years to mend, or, on the other hand, the coming years may be made happier and more full of usefulness because of inspiring reading.

And not only should a child be given good reading, but a taste for reading should be cultivated. Sir John Herschel's prayer is worth considering:

"If I were to pray for a taste that would stand by me under every variety of circumstances and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, it would be a taste for reading."

CROWN PRINCE SAILS.

German Will Tour Far East, Visiting British India.

Berlin, Nov. 2.—Accompanied by the crown princess and a small suite of officers, Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm left to-day for Genoa to embark on the Prince Ludwig, on which he will travel as far as Ceylon on the trip through the East.

After the visit to Ceylon, the crown princess will return to Germany, while the crown prince will proceed to British India, through which he will tour as the guest of the British government.

BIRTHS REPORTED.

WHITE.

William C. and Frances L. Shaw, girl, Sam and Fred Horwitz, boy.
Harry G. and Nora E. Gossage, boy.
Charles and Maud Thomas, girl.
Francis A. and Alice J. Reish, boy.
Archie H. and Helen L. Wyne, girl.
John R. and Alice Moulter, boy.
Herman A. and Emma L. Meyer, boy.
Thomas F. and Anna V. Quill, girl.
William T. and Beatrice Carpenter, girl.
Wilbur L. and Marietta Sanders, boy.
Paul A. and Sarah A. Powell, boy.
Columbus D. and Blanche G. Thom, boy.
Walter and Fannie M. Waple, boy.

CHINESE.

Henry Kumply and Isabelle Tong Chang, girl.
John and Gertrude Gray, boy.
Isaac and Matilda Butler, girl.
Joseph and Celeste Davis, boy.
R. Grayson and Virginia H. McGuire, boy.
James W. and Annie Sewell, boy.
Frederick and Annie Puckey, girl.

COLORED.

John and Gertrude Gray, boy.
Isaac and Matilda Butler, girl.
Joseph and Celeste Davis, boy.
R. Grayson and Virginia H. McGuire, boy.
James W. and Annie Sewell, boy.
Frederick and Annie Puckey, girl.

DEATHS REPORTED.

November 2.

WHITE.

Sam A. Andrews, 66 years, 298 Calvert street northwest.
Alice E. Johnston, 56 years, 62 Fifth street northwest.
Walter S. Carter, 46 years, 133 H street northwest.
John M. Wood, 61 years, Emergency Hospital.
Ruth Zacher, 5 years, Children's Hospital.
Mary Shady, 53 years, Georgetown University Hospital.
Thomas M. Elsom, 60 years, 1706 Q street.
John Cook, 79 years, 633 Georgia avenue northwest.
Joseph R. Laughrey, 68 years, Government Hospital for Insane.
James M. A. Spotswood, 72 years, Garfield Hospital.
Charles Lamb, 73 years, Government Hospital for Insane.
Charles W. Williams, 4 months, 314 P street northwest.
Thomas E. Henderson, 2 months, 428 Eleventh street southeast.

COLORED.

Ellis Stiff, 54 years, Washington Asylum Hospital.
Celeste Stenton, 61 years, Emergency Hospital.
Macelline Lewis, 61 years, Government Hospital for Insane.
Jennie Smith, 31 years, 326 Naylor court northwest.
Frank Brown, 27 years, 123 S and a Half street southeast.
John D. Dowson, 56 years, 210 Sherman avenue northwest.
James Sturum, 55 years, 204 Seventeenth street northwest.
Frank E. Harley, 44 years, 215 Ninth street northwest.
James W. L. Anderson, 46 years, 330 Memorial avenue northwest.
Philip Green, 66 years, 123 Fifth street northwest.
Cornelia Barnes, 27 years, 213 Twelfth street northwest.
Ned Brown, 53 years, Washington Asylum Hospital.
William H. A. Young, 50 years, 913 Second street southeast.
Thomas Gibson, 40 years, 317 C street southeast.
Anthony D. Dargatzidis, 21 years, 308 D street southeast.
Dorothy M. Anderson, 2 months, 125 Twenty-third street northwest.

W.B. Reduso

CORSETS

Work wonders in perfecting the well-developed figure. Its ingenious construction enables the large woman to reduce the measurements of hips and abdomen from one to five inches without pressure or discomfort. No straps or attachments of any sort—yet the fashionable, slender outline is attained.

REDUSO, style 782 (see picture). For tall, large figures. Bust height medium. Hips, back, and abdomen are very long. Imported coutil. Price \$5.00.

REDUSO, style 770. For average well-developed figures. Medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Coutil or batiste. 3 pairs hose supporters. Price \$2.00.

Other REDUSO models, \$3.00 to \$10.00.

W. B. Nuform Corsets

Fit the figure perfectly. A great variety of models in all lengths and sizes. Firmly stayed with rust-proof boning.

NUFORM, style 485 (as pictured). For average figures. Medium bust height, long over hips, back, and abdomen. Material is coutil, 2 pairs hose supporters. Price \$1.50.

Numerous other models \$1.00 to \$5.00.

At All Stores.

WEINGARTEN BROS., Makers.

New York

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA To-night, 8:15
Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

DENMAN THOMPSON
(Himself) IN
"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"

NEXT WEEK, SEATS NOW SELLING.
HENRY B. HARRIS Presents
AMERICA'S YOUNGEST STAR,
ELSIE FERGUSON

In a new four-act play,
AMBITION

NATIONAL To-night at 8:15
Matinee Saturday.

MAURICE CAMPBELL Presents
HENRIETTA CROSMAN

In Perry Mackaye's National Burlesque,
ANTI-MATRIMONY

ELMENDORF
To-day,
4:30 P. M.